

By Sidney D...

The Vengeance of Henry Jarroman

By ROY VICKERS

Must the Woman Always Pay? **He Forces a Girl to Expiate Another's Sin**

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Henry Jarroman, a young man of twenty-two, was a victim of the "Great Depression" which had seized the nation. He had been a member of the "Klondike Club" and had won a large sum of money. He had been a member of the "Klondike Club" and had won a large sum of money. He had been a member of the "Klondike Club" and had won a large sum of money.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

It's nothing to do with nerves," said Jarroman. "Can't you understand yet, Theed? For twenty years I've had that man's face before me day and night. Waking and sleeping, I have thought of nothing else. Three times—three times only, Theed—during that period, have I let my emotions stampede me. Three times, during an imprisonment I could have broken at the price of letting my enemy slip beyond my power, my hatred got the better of me and I tried to escape from prison. After three months of extra hardship, his face came before me then and gave me strength. The vision of him, the promise of ultimate revenge, came daily with me to the stone quarries.

The words had but one meaning for Theed, and that meaning thrilled him with genuine horror.

"My friend, I cannot let you go until you have satisfied me on one point. You reminded yourself that Camden had a daughter. She was a child of the same age as your own when it happened; she is as innocent as your child of any industry to yourself."

"I know," said Jarroman. "And it was as if he had added: 'It will make no difference.'"

Stranack Avows His Love

Late afternoon! In a room in a wing of Duoceter house, one of the stateliest of the many fine houses that face Regent's Park, Nadia Quest was typewriting with a speed and diligence that had made her an expert at her work.

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CONTINUED MONDAY

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THE GUMPS—Congratulations



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Neither Do We Know What It Is



The Young Lady Across the Way



Arabella Winter Blossom Is Just Naturally Unlucky



SCHOOL DAYS



PETEY—Home, Sweet Home



GASOLINE ALLEY—No Help Wanted

